

The Evening World.

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OETTINO WORSE.

The situation in the coal mining region is undoubtedly getting worse instead of better. Regrettable exhibitions of the mob spirit were made at different points yesterday. Several encounters between the troops and mobs of striking miners are reported in Panther Creek Valley; at Pittston and other points non-union workmen have been attacked; the disorder has extended to the bituminous coal fields of West Virginia, where attacks by mobs on working miners have compelled the Government to call out the militia.

It is to be hoped that the leaders of the strike will be able to keep their men under better control and to prevent any further outbreaks. This Mr. Mitchell has solemnly promised to do, and the leaders cannot ignore the pledges he has given. No excuse for their violation can be accepted. We cannot even plead that the disorders arise among newly-arrived foreigners, ignorant of English; the names of the rioters under arrest prove the contrary.

Meanwhile the operators do not operate. No mines are opened, no coal is mined. The coal mining corporations, as far as the fulfillment of the purpose of their incorporation is concerned, have been dead for nearly four months. It is to be regretted that their charters are not subject to forfeiture for such failure to operate, but in this as in every other instance the corporate creature is greater than its creator. The end of the strike is not yet in sight.

The Unspoken Word.—Will not some one amid the admiring and enthusiastic crowds surrounding President Roosevelt remind him that the country would like to hear a word from him on the subject of the coal strike?

THE DEATH OF ADA GRAY.

Ada Gray, actress, died in a hospital yesterday. Few New Yorkers could have told off-hand what her characteristic roles were, but in a hundred smaller cities and towns she was as well known as Bernhardt. In point of tears shed over her "East Lynne" she was the most bewept member of her profession in America. In the emotional role of the injured wife returned from exile she had saturated more hemstitched handkerchiefs with dewy tears of rural eyes than any other actress on record.

For twenty years Ada Gray had simulated grief and undergone slow-music suffering. It might be thought that the nervous disease of which she died had its source in this forced use of the emotions. But she lived to be sixty-eight, an age beyond the actor's average.

The Vitality of the Pensioner.—It will probably surprise a great many Americans to learn that during the last fiscal year they paid pensions amounting to \$183,649 to pensioners of the war of 1812.

A NICE DISTINCTION.

In the Centre Street Court yesterday Magistrate Stammer discharged with a warning a lady by the name of McKenzie, who said that she was a well-known literary woman, but who was brought up before the Magistrate on a charge of sleeping on one of the benches in City Hall Park.

Miss (or Mrs.) McKenzie insisted that she had merely occupied the bench while working out her literary problems, but the policeman testified that he found her sound asleep among the male vagrants and tramps, who have the exclusive use of the benches, and that that was no place for any woman.

Miss McKenzie's conduct was reprehensible and the policeman was right in treating it as disorderly. Under the ideal municipal government the benches in the New York parks are reserved exclusively for the uneasy but picturesque slumbers of male vagrants and tramps, and we draw the line strictly against any attempt of the gentler sex to share in this privilege.

Wise Retirement.—W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., holds the world's automobile record for a mile, but nothing in his automobile career is more creditable to him than his retirement. Automobiling pursued chiefly for the purpose of making a record is a menace to human life.

MORGAN'S POWER.

The friends and supporters of J. P. Morgan have been disposed to resent his being held responsible for the continuation of the coal strike.

Yet Mr. Morgan personally owns or controls every one of the great anthracite coal-carrying roads except the Lackawanna and the Delaware and Hudson.

The Reading and Jersey Central are controlled by a voting trust, consisting nominally of Morgan, F. P. Olcott and C. S. W. Packard, but in reality Morgan is the sole trustee. In the trusteeship of the Erie he has Lewis Fitzgerald and Sir Charles Tennant as his co-trustees.

How absolute is Mr. Morgan's control over any property which he holds in trust is shown by his circular to the stockholders of the Southern Railway, as explained in this morning's World. The stockholders of the road have no voice whatever in its management.

It is not doing Mr. Morgan any injustice to say that he has it in his power to end the coal strike if he wishes to.

Bad for Discipline.—The evident intention of Commissioner Sturge to force Chief Croker out of the Fire Department without bringing charges against him does not promise well for the discipline of the department.

THE COMING OF BORIS.

Boris, Russian Grand Duke, is here. Three Greek priests met him at the depot and blessed him, but the shrine at which he will worship is not the shrine of St. Michael. It is where the glad hand of Tenderloin hospitality is extended to him that he will go for his devotions and there burn incense.

Some intimation has reached the East of the carmine trail left by the Duke in Chicago. He denied yesterday the story of the wine drunk from a chorus girl's slipper. Never, never had he done such a thing nor never would. But ladies who cherished ambitions to be likewise distinguished will not despair, and the Cinderella footgear provided for the occasion will not be relegated to the closet just yet. They will have a try to see if they can prevail over the St. Anthony-like attributes of the illustrious rouser.

Princes used to be sent through Europe to make the "grand tour," but the itinerary now includes "the States" as a most important feature. This is a land full of pleasant discoveries for the visitor. The two native products that especially excite the admiration of Boris are the American girl and cocktail. The former is "splendid, the loveliest thing ever seen," says the Duke. The latter is so well that he takes them between courses at dinner.

The Funny Side of Life.

THIS ISN'T CHICAGO, PRINCE!

JOKES OF OUR OWN

DUKES AND DUKES.
We don't go much on foreign dukes.
The only dukes we know
Are those McGovern and big "Jeff"
Put up when they've a "go."

MORE EVIDENT.
He (ardently)—I would like to bare my
innermost thought to you. Would that
I had windows in my soul!
She (bored)—Wouldn't a pane in the
stomach do?

WINTER COMFORT.
"Put in your coal yet for the winter,
Mr. Avenuesee?"
"Not yet, Mr. Cortesyourad. If the
price doesn't come down, I've made up
my mind to burn my furniture instead.
Installation furniture is away cheaper
than coal at \$10 a ton, especially when
you haven't much paid on it."

THE COOK.
Swamps—It takes true courage to
charge the enemy.
Skeets—It takes more to discharge the
enemy.

BORROWED JOKES.

VERSATILE.
Mrs. Brown—Your husband, I hear, is
quite versatile.
Mrs. Brown—Smythe—Versatile is no
name for it. Why, he can actually stay
out late every night in the week and not
give the same excuse twice.—Phila-
delphia Record.

GUIDING HER.
May—I met some one to-day who is
very much enamored of you.
Fay (after a thoughtful pause)—Who
was it?
May—Must think a moment.
Fay—I am thinking; thinking hard.
May—You'll never guess that way.
Think of something soft.—Catholic
Standard.

THE ONLY REASON WHY.
The jolly picnic party on the Upper
Potomac, after wandering happily
through the sylvan forest, returned to
open the lunch baskets.
"Twenty to one," exclaimed the
humorist of the party, "that the custard
pies are full of ants!"
However, he lost.
There were no custard pies in the bas-
kets.—Washington Post.

SOMEBODIES.

LANGTRY, LILLY—owns a Nevada gold
mine, said to be one of the richest in
the world. In mines as in other mat-
ters Lilly is lucky.

BECKER, CHARLES—expert forger, in
the California penitentiary, has a press
agent, who writes that Becker is to be
syndicated; also that the banks offer
him \$500 a month not to forge any
more.

HANNA, SENATOR—didn't like being
addressed as "the next President of
the United States." Hanna is noted
for his coyness.

MENELIK, EMPEROR—has decided to
grant no further concessions to Euro-
peans. They must be as great hogs
as some American capitalists.

TERREGHIANI, DR.—the Catholic
Bishop of Armidale, Australia. He
is the largest prelate in Christendom. He
weighs nearly 300 pounds.

TIME'S WARNING.

I am Time. Though men abuse me,
I that sin will lightly scan.
If at last they only use me
For the common good of man.

Though for years they may be idle,
Though a while they doubt or
dream,
I my righteous wrath will bring
If they folly they redeem.

Let them have a while of pleasure;
Let them have a time of rest;
But remember, I will measure
Every soul—the final test.

Let them sin, if sin be pleasant;
Let them dream, instead of toil,
Wasting all the golden present,
Storing not the wine and oil.

But remember that disaster
Will attend their fatal lack;
I am Time, and I am master;
None can turn the dial back.

Dream your dream, if dreams de-
light you;
Sin your sin, but only know
That my wrath at last will smite
you.

If a single hour you owe,
—Willie Leonard Clannahan, in St.
Louis Post-Dispatch.

**Yes, in 1880, Against Hewitt and
Henry George.**

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Did Theodore Roosevelt ever run for
Mayor of the city of New York? If so,
who were his opponents? Also, what
year did the election take place?
R. J. W.

A Cure for Stuttering.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
In the column of "Timely Letters
from the People" I noticed a request
for a cure for stuttering. If the party
will take a small-sized marble and
place it under the tongue he will soon
get over the habit. I know of a case it
cured. It must be kept constantly in
the mouth. It might cause a little in-



CHICAGO MAGNUM

Dainty New York slippers try,
Boris, when you're wine consumin'.
Slippers, wee, that won't recall
Hoofs of prehistoric woman.

FROM A RECENT NOVEL.



CAUTION.



THRIFF.

Uncle Sussel Rage—How much will
you allow me on this porous plaster,
young man?
Clerk—We don't buy second-hand
plasters.
Uncle Sussel—But this has been worn
only once.

Mrs. Bun—Don't swing too long.
Edwin; it will make your ears too
large.

TWO POINTS OF VIEW.



FRAUD.



NO OTHER WAY.

The Lady—Aren't you ashamed to be
seen?
The Bum—Well, yes, mum; but
folks don't set pins in the windy hills
any more, and so, by jimmy, mum,
we jest got ter come in an' ast!

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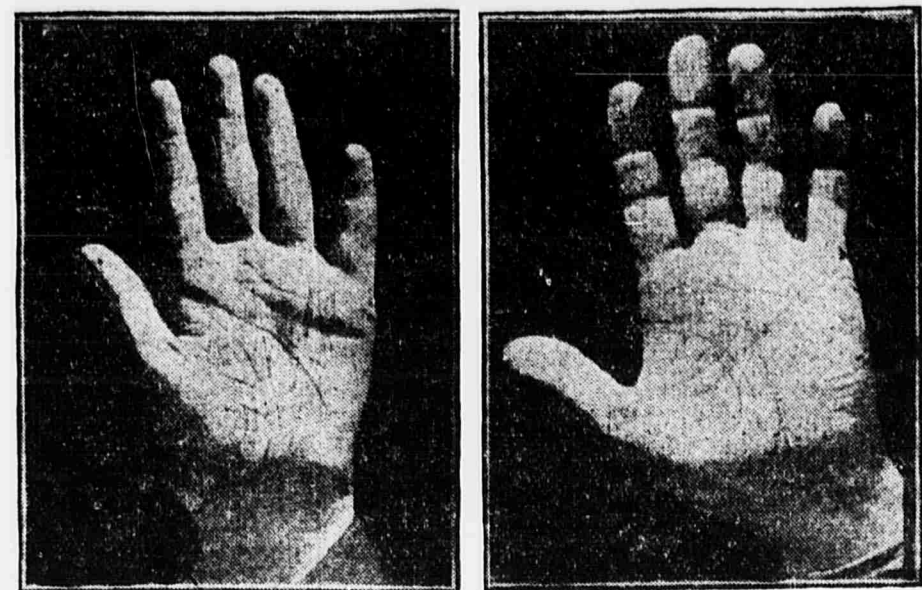
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ODDITY CORNER.

ALICE ROOSEVELT AND SANTOS-DUMONT
HAVE HANDS READ BY A PALMIST.



The Lines in Miss Roosevelt's Hand.

"Martini," palmist, of Allentown, Pa., who read
Miss Alice Roosevelt's hand at Mrs. Stuyvesant
Fish's place in Newport, explains what he found
there by the typical hand printed above, in which
the lines of his fair and distinguished client's
hand are faithfully reproduced.

"Miss Roosevelt has a square hand," the palm-
list writes, "the fingers tapering to a cone, which
signifies a practical nature, yet a taste for the
sublime and the beautiful. The fact that the fin-
gers are long in proportion to the hand proper
shows that she is a lover of detail; a stickler for
etiquette, such as a leader of society is supposed
to possess. The thumb, being long, shows a great
deal of will power; very logical in reasoning. The
thumb also coming to a cone shows that she is
not contrary or stubborn, but exercises good
judgment in reaching conclusions.

"The life line is exceedingly long, showing an
age of about seventy-two years. The head line
takes two courses, signifying the practical and
the beautiful, but the practical part being the
longer overrules the artistic. The heart line shows
a deep and lasting affection, an ideal love. The
fate line shows a great deal of distinction and
will. It takes two courses, which shows that
some marked change or sudden rise will be

The Lines in Santos-Dumont's Hand.

brought about shortly. The sun line shows a
cheerful disposition, that Miss Roosevelt likes to
scatter sunshine among the afflicted and dis-
tressed. The circle of Venus tells that her quiet,
modest nature often gives way to a nervous
strain. The influence line on the mount of Venus
demonstrates a power or influence over others
and the faculty to make friends—personal mag-
netism. The marriage line shows an early union
to the one of her choice. The travel line indicates
extensive travelling.

"The first and second fingers being so far apart
show rather independence in action, though there
is no indication of a domineering spirit. On the
mount of sun there is an indication of love for
nature, though rather as a reader than as a
producer, and marked a preference for the classi-
cal and deep instead of the sentimental and frivolous."

"Martini" read Santos-Dumont's hand at Brighton Beach. He found it knotty and philosophical,
the third finger indicating an inventive nature.
The mount of Jupiter shows that his hopes and
ambitions will be realized. The head and life lines
separated show that he has great self-possession
and knows no danger.

DYING TREES.

The decline of
the trees on Bos-
ton Common is
now attributed to
the clearing of
vegetation from
their bases. This
practice leads to
rapid evaporation
of needed moisture
and lessens the
fertility of the
soil.

CAN YOU READ THIS REBUS?



A WELL-KNOWN PROVERB.

THE BOWERY GIRL'S DOVE.

Owen Kildare Finds "The Party" to Be
a Volunteer Member of the S. P. C. A.

Listen!
There are many things which a man cannot do without
getting himself into a barrel of trouble and which a girl can
do with all the ease in the world.

The home of my little woman and her old lady is as near
to the skies as you can get in a tenement-house.

And there is no elevator, which is fine exercise for those
that need it.

It is only a few steps up to the roof, and it is almost as
good as being up to Newport to sit up there at night and
catch the breeze.

I fixed up a hammock according to a pattern I saw in a
magazine, from an old blanket, and The Party and I make
ourselves believe we are a spoony couple at some fashionable
country-place, who talk that funny talk you see in the il-
lustrated papers.

But it is apparently very hard to find anything in life which
you can enjoy without having something bitter creep into it.

On a roof not far from ours—or hers, rather—a man ap-
peared the other day with a lot of boxes and baskets and
began to erect little shanties.

Naturally, we watched him, and had not long to wait for a
solution to our puzzle.

He's a bird-fancier, and we watched with delight the
graceful flights of several flocks of pigeons, released from
their boxes.

The Party was simply charmed with the birds, and it was
good to see her enjoy their airy gambols.

The man would send them into the air and then, by
whistling and waving a long stick with a rag on its end,
would keep them circling about in ever-increasing curves.

The other day, while watching them, a few of the birds
strayed over to our roof, and The Party was lucky enough to
catch one of them.

Talk about petting and caressing! Why, that bird did not
care to leave at all, and I can't blame him a bit.

The man, thinking we wanted to freeze on to his pigeon,
hollored over, but I told him in my quiet and convincing way
that we would return the bird when good and ready to do so.

I had to choose between his and The Party's desire, and
that is dead easy.

The Party, in the mean time, began talking about the
pigeons to the neighbor, and in that way found out the real
object of the pigeon industry.

"That scoundrel is training those innocent little birds to be
killed—to be shot by a lot of fellows who think it great fun
to be blazing away at poor pigeons that have never done
them any harm and that they won't even eat, but just kill
them for the pleasure of killing. Owen Kildare, you got to stop
that!"

"Oh, now, how can I stop that?"
"How can you stop that? And I thought you was writing
for the papers! Well, if I was writing for the papers and
had my name in them, I'd stop it quick enough! And I'm
going to do it anyway! I can't think of how that little thing
looked at me with its soft, brown eyes the other day without
wishing to send that fellow to jail."

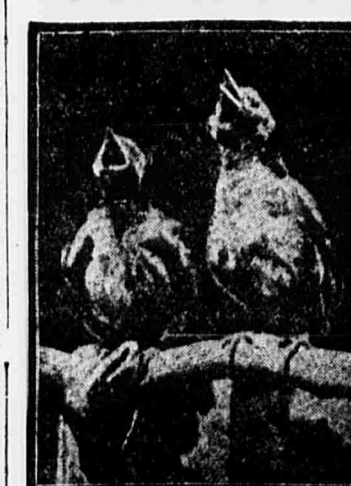
Well, there was some correspondence, and a stranger, sort
of official looking, called at the house, and now there are no
more pigeons being educated for death in our neighborhood.

The Party is wearing a badge and calls herself an officer,
and every tramp dog and cat in the district is taking up a
great deal of her attention.

"Those that have no friends need them more than those
that has," she says.

This, doubtless, is not the most lucid maxim, but, you
know, I am not looking for philosophy in my Party and am
perfectly satisfied with her sentiment, which is straight,
wholesome and always to the point. OWEN KILDARE.

HUNGRY YOUNGSTERS.



Snapshots of two young thrushes wait-
ing to be fed.

ORIGINAL ATOMIZER.



Take a cork and cut off one-quarter as
shown in the illustration. Insert two
quills at a right angle in such a way
that the points touch one another. Stick
the perpendicular quill in a bottle filled
with perfume or any other liquid and
blow into the horizontal quill. The result
will be a cloud of vapor that can be used
for any purpose desired.

COSTLY MANUSCRIPTS.

Twenty-three letters by Charles Lamb
sold separately brought \$2,018 in London
recently, and eleven letters by Shelley
sold in one lot brought \$305. The original
manuscripts of Keats's "Unfaint, Un-
harmful, Unseen," and the "Hymn to
Apollo" sold for \$345, and that of parts of
"Cap and Bells" \$1,725. Lamb's "The
King and Queen of Hearts" fetched
\$1,200; a first edition of Keats's "Lamia,"
&c., \$355, and of his "Endymion" \$245.
Pope's autograph manuscript of "The
Pastorals" brought \$355, and D. G. Ros-
setti's manuscript of "Henry the Lepor"
\$250. A first edition of Pope's "The
Rape of the Lock" was sold for \$26;
one of the Waverley novels \$455, and one
of Charles Lever's works \$455. Gawain
Douglas's "The Poets of Honor," 1853,
brought \$475, and "The Famous Victories
of Henry the Fifth," 1617, \$255.

TIMELY LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

**Yes, in 1880, Against Hewitt and
Henry George.**

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Did Theodore Roosevelt ever run for
Mayor of the city of New York? If so,
who were his opponents? Also, what
year did the election take place?
R. J. W.

A Cure for Stuttering.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
In the column of "Timely Letters
from the People" I noticed a request
for a cure for stuttering. If the party
will take a small-sized marble and
place it under the tongue he will soon
get over the habit. I know of a case it
cured. It must be kept constantly in
the mouth. It might cause a little in-

convenience at first, but that will dis-
appear. R. A.

Kept the Boy's Stamp.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I was in the employ of a firm for ten
weeks and after I was released I sent
the firm a letter for a recommendation.
In the letter I inclosed a stamp for the
return mail. But it is already two weeks
and the party did not send stamp back.
I suppose the party needs the stamp
for his own use.

Lots of Coal Far Away.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
While stationed in Alaska as Deputy
Collector of Customs for the United
States, some twenty years ago, through
information gained from the Indians and

through their guidance, I made explora-
tions of the supposed coal regions of
Alaska, and found a country that will
prove truly wonderful in the amount and
quality of the coal deposits to be found
there. Notes of the locations of the
outcroppings and of the formation were
accurately made, and I can truly say
that it is my firm belief that a large
part of our "Wild West" will ultimately
derive its supply of fuel from the land
of the North. JOHN A. CARR,
No. 26 Washington street, Portland,
Ore.

Baldheads, Ahoy!

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I desire to inform you that two friends
of mine have manufactured a liquid
preparation with which they claim that

they will restore the hair of any lady or
gentleman. They claim to have made
recent experiments, and the result has
been wonderful. They now propose that
you select, say, one-half dozen persons
afflicted with this complaint, and they
will undertake to do as represented.

JOHN KAISER,
No. 223 Forty-sixth street, Brooklyn.

It Is Right.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
A says that an American citizen who
goes to live in Austria, his father hav-
ing been born in Austria, can be com-
pelled to serve in the Austrian Army.

B says that the United States Govern-
ment is bound to protect its citizens
wherever they may go, and that the
Austrian or any other Government can-
not compel them to serve.

AUSTRIAN.